a lot of time at the little round table just filling in the days of the week. Adam was getting ready to go. He usually made a trip to the staff washroom, carrying a Baggie with a toothbrush and a tube of toothpaste wrapped inside it. He said it made him feel fresher, helped him stay awake on the long drive home.

Adam had to leave a few minutes early to make a doctor's appointment. It had something to do with his knees. That, and the fact that it was getting warm, prompted him to get into shorts. I remember him coming back to Gabriel and me after changing. "How do I look?" he asked him, smiling. He laughed. I don't remember that he said anything.

I thought he looked great. He was lanky, with beautiful long legs that were only slightly too thin. They were lightly covered with blond hair that showed up in sunlight. Otherwise they looked smooth. The puffiness around his knees, like the bandage under the brace and the heavy black brace itself, made him more attractive. Of course, I'm speaking for myself. At the time I didn't say anything either.

I noticed that he was still wearing the black socks that he'd worn under the jeans. "Black socks," I said. "They make you look like a banker taking the afternoon off. Pretty nerdy." He agreed. He returned to the main floor washroom. When he got back his feet were bare in his running shoes and he carried the socks in his hand. He had crazy ankles. He stuffed the socks into his "Roots" bag.